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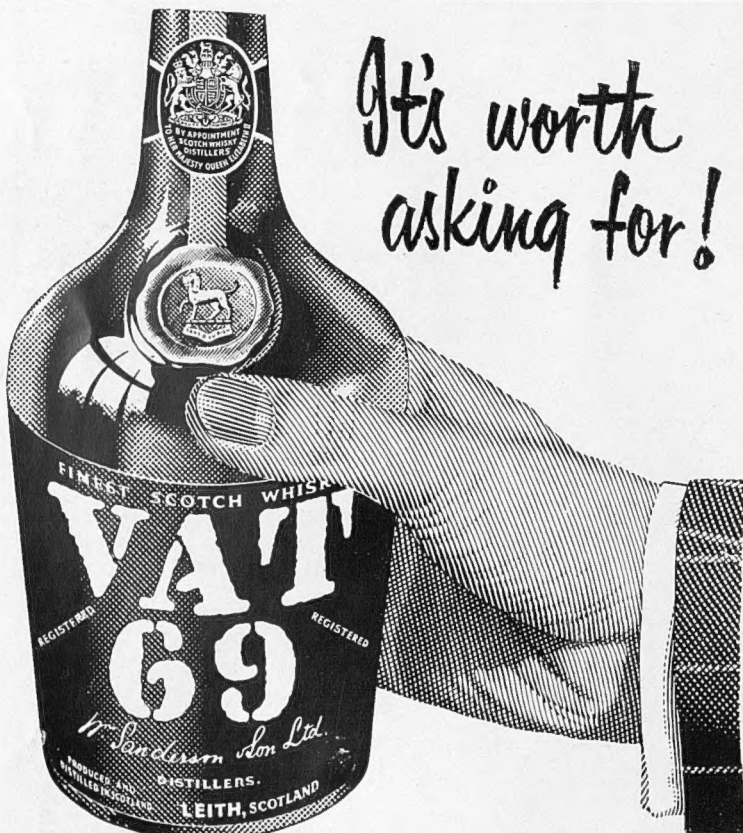
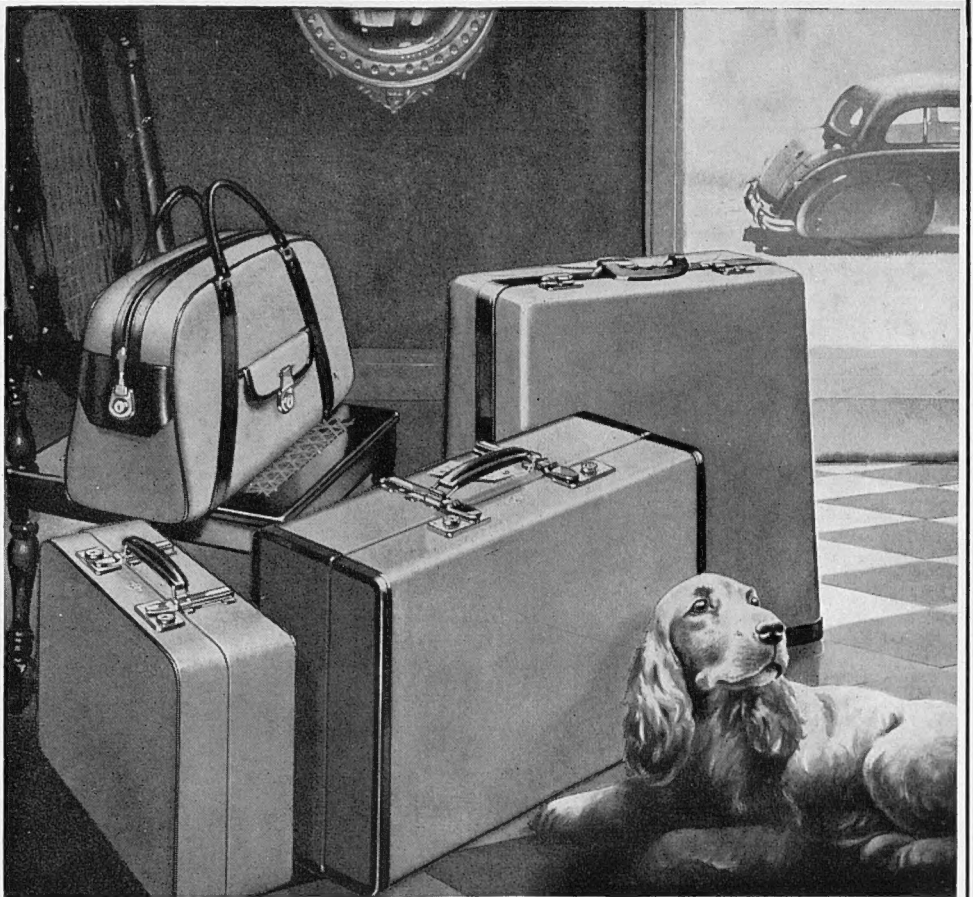
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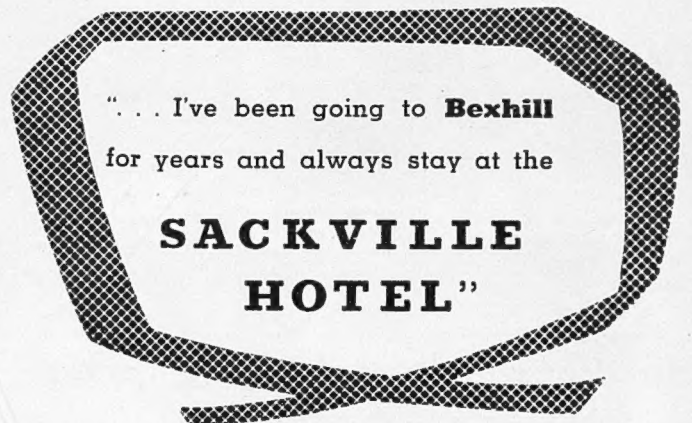


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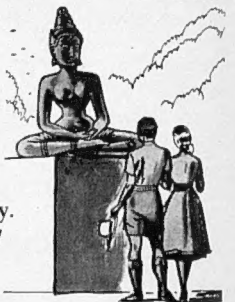
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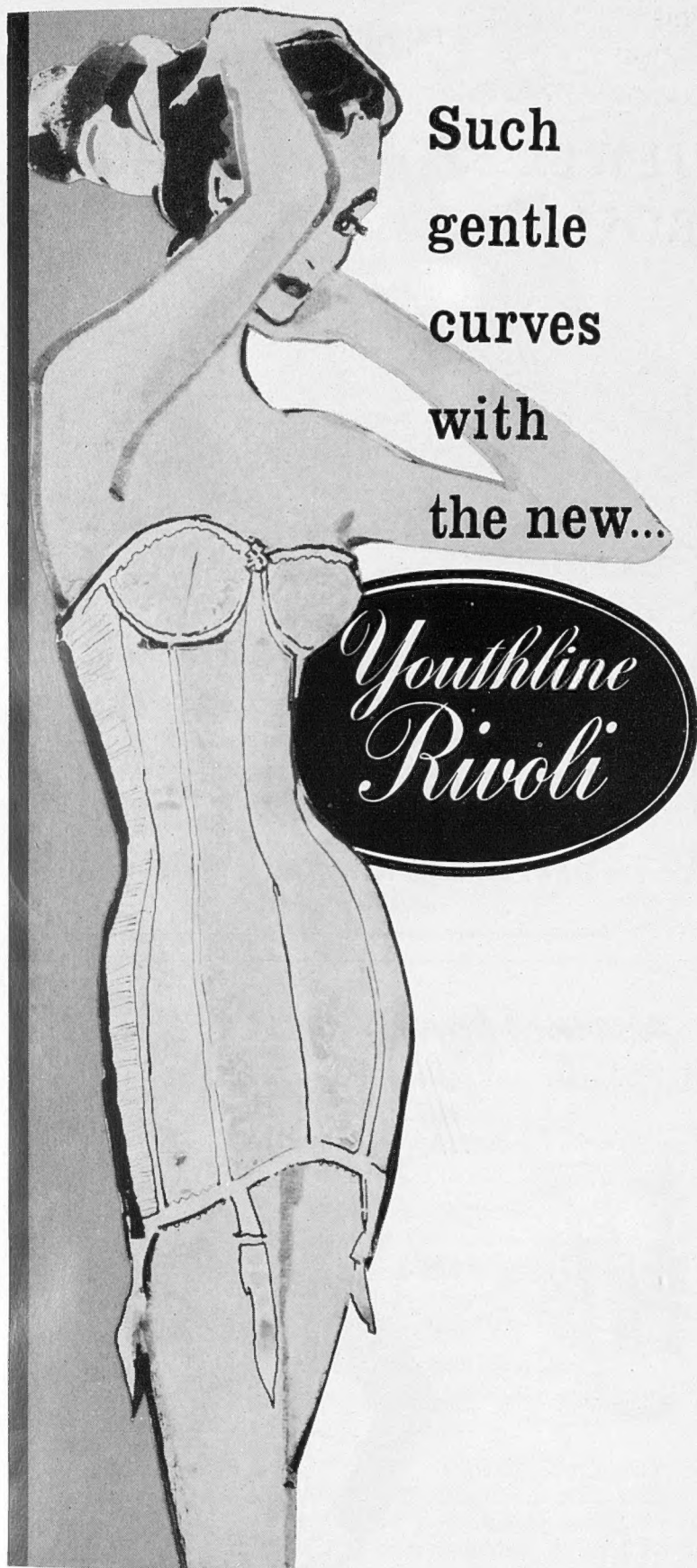
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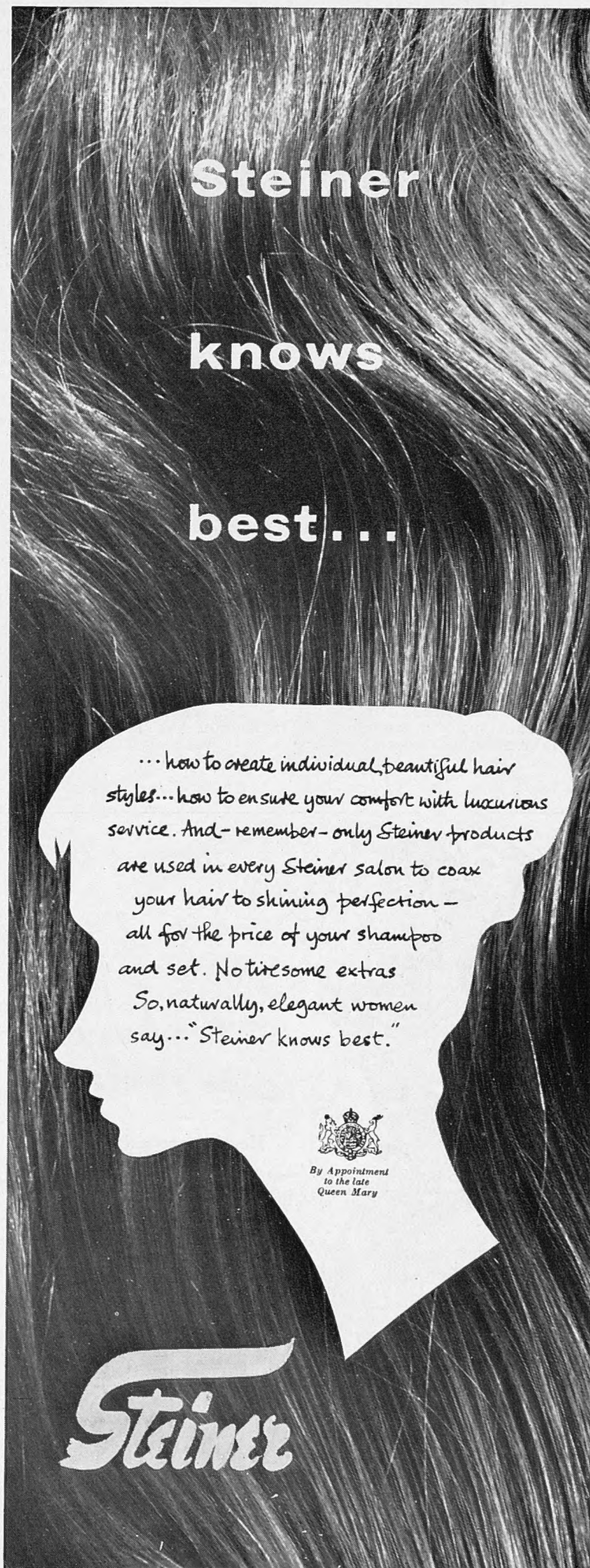
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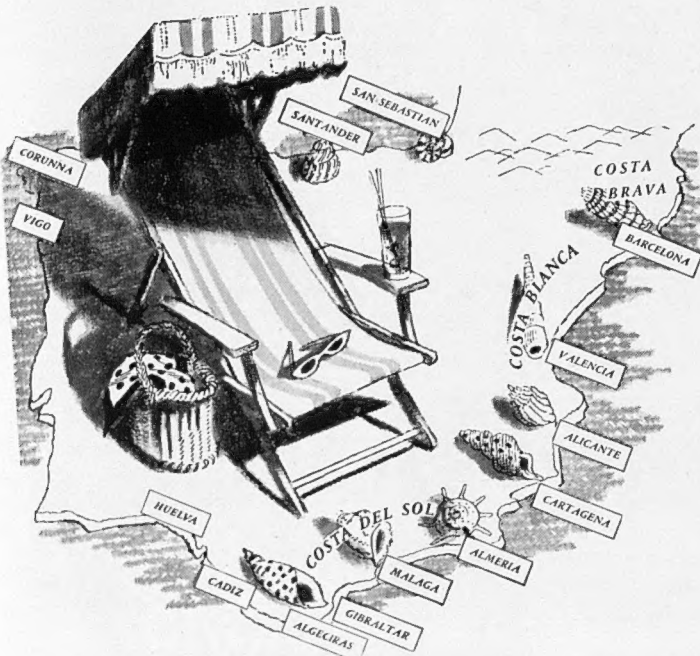
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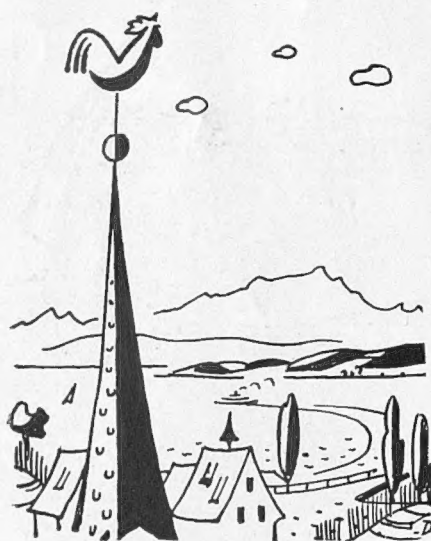
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**FRIEDRICHSHAFEN** with its incomparable view of the Alps

**KONSTANZ** famous town of culture and centre of country fairs

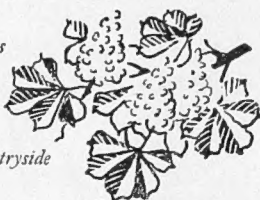
**LANGENARGEN** quiet garden resort with lovely natural beach

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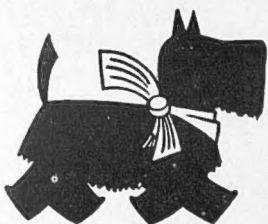
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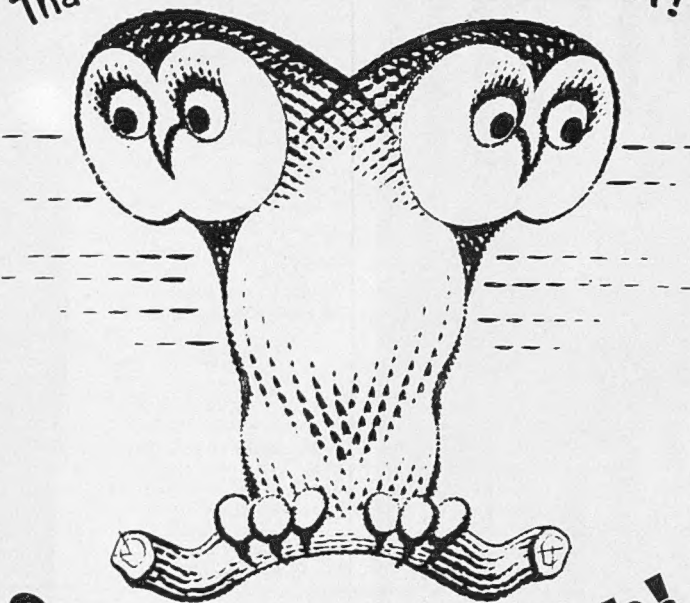
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**DRESCOTT CLOTHES** of DUDLEY in the county of Worcester  
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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From April 25 to May 2



MISS CAROLINE DOWDING, one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. W. W. Dowding, of The Manor, Manningford, Pewsey, Wiltshire. Her parents are giving a dance for her on June 7 at Claridge's, which she is sharing with the Hon. Susan Remnant, daughter of Lady Remnant. This photograph was taken by Tony Armstrong Jones, who at the age of twenty-six ranks as one of our leading and most versatile photographers

**April 25 (Wed.)** Cocktail parties: Mrs. Donald Fraser for her daughter Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg at 6 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. Mrs. Leslie Cohen for her stepdaughter Penelope at 6 Stanhope Gate.

First night of Noël Coward's *South Sea Bubble* at the Lyric Theatre.  
Racing at Epsom and Pontefract. (two days).

**April 26 (Thur.)** The Queen and Prince Philip visit the British Industries Fair at Olympia. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits Forfar to receive the freedom of the burgh.

Princess Marie Louise attends the Spring Ball at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the British Asthma Association.

Racing at Taunton.

Point-to-Points: The Grafton Hunt at Pattishall: The Melton Hunt Club at Garthorpe.

**April 27 (Fri.)** Prince Philip attends the annual dinner of the Royal Naval Medical Club at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

Dances: Lady Bacon for Miss Joanna Bacon at Raveningham Hall, Norfolk.

The Hon. Mrs. John Bruce for Miss Cecilia Bruce, in the country.

Mrs. Hodgkinson for Miss Sheila Hodgkinson, at Wookey Hole, Somerset.

Brighton Musical Festival at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton (to May 12).

**April 28 (Sat.)** Pitlochry Drama Festival at Pitlochry, Perthshire (to Sept. 29).

Woolwich Horse Show at Woolwich Stadium, London.

Rugby League Cup Final at the Empire Stadium, Wembley.

Dance: Mrs. Bromley Davenport for Miss Lenette

Bromley Davenport at Capesthorpe Hall, Cheshire.

Racing: Lanark, Ripon, Towcester, Bangor-on-Dee.

**April 29 (Sun.)**

**April 30 (Mon.)** The Berkeley Débutante Dress Show in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. at the Berkeley Hotel (two days).

Cheltenham Competitive Music Festival opens (till May 13).

United Hunts Meeting at Folkestone.

**May 1 (Tues.)** Prince Philip visits H.M.S. Ganges, the boys' training establishment at Shotley Gate, near Ipswich. In the afternoon he visits Felixstowe, Ipswich and Levington, and on the following day Lowestoft.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., opens the United Charities May Fair at Londonderry House.

Eton go back for the summer half.

The British Schools Exploring Society dinner-dance at the Dorchester Hotel.

The Dublin Spring Show and Industries Fair (five days).

First night of *The Silver Whistle* at the Duchess Theatre.

Newmarket Spring Meeting (four days).

**May 2 (Wed.)** Princess Margaret attends the anniversary meeting of the British Sailors' Society at the Mansion House in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Society's Guild.

The Duke of Gloucester will attend the Royal Academy Dinner.

The Rose Ball at Grosvenor House.

Racing at Newmarket: the Two Thousand Guineas Hackney Horse Society's National Breed Show at Derby Racecourse.

Harrow go back for the summer half.

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the price of fame?

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*the name*

*of authority*

*in furs*

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Ocelot coat designed and made by Bradleys





Eric Coop

## The new Chief of Air Staff

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR DERMOT BOYLE, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., who was made Chief of Air Staff this year, is an Irishman from Queen's County. He was A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command from 1953 and was previously Air Officer Commanding No. 1 Group Bomber Command. In that capacity he led a goodwill tour of R.A.F.

Canberra jet bombers to Latin America in 1952, piloting one of the aircraft throughout the flight of 24,000 miles himself. On taking up his new post Air Chief Marshal Boyle completed an extensive tour of R.A.F. stations in the Middle and Far East. At the recent passing-out parade at Cranwell he presented the Sword of Honour to his son.





Fayer

CAPT. AND MRS. FERGUS BOWES LYON were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, this month. Capt. Bowes Lyon, who is heir apparent to the Earl of Strathmore, is the elder son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Michael Bowes Lyon and of the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes Lyon, of the White House, Glamis, Angus. The bride, formerly Miss Mary McCorquodale, is the younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Norman McCorquodale, of Maxton House, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire. Above: The bride and bridegroom with the Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, their parents, the best man Capt. Lord Napier and Ettrick, and the bridal attendants

## Social Journal

## Jennifer

# THE WEDDING MONTH

**A**PRIL has always been a favourite month for marriages. This year has certainly been no exception. One of the biggest London weddings was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when the Queen's first cousin, Capt. Fergus Bowes Lyon, Scots Guards, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Michael Bowes Lyon and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes Lyon, married Miss Mary McCorquodale, younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Norman McCorquodale. The Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal were among over eight hundred guests at the ceremony, and later at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel.

The following day the Princess Royal attended another wedding at St. Margaret's at which Canon Charles Smyth officiated. This was when Viscount Boyne, Grenadier Guards, married Miss Rosemary Stucley, second daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Dennis Stucley. It was an exceptionally pretty wedding: the bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white brocade embroidered with diamanté and pearls with a full skirt falling into a long train. Her short family veil of Brussels lace was held in place by a diamond tiara. She was followed by a retinue of ten.

Two pages, Viscount Lascelles and Nicholas

Grenfell, wore replicas of the early nineteenth-century uniform of the Grenadier Guards. They walked with the two child bridesmaids, the Hon. Gillian Forbes and Veronica Hamilton-Russell. The older bridesmaids were Miss Christine and Miss Sarah Stucley, sisters of the bride, the Hon. Prudence McCorquodale, Miss Valerie Maxwell, Miss Rose Lycett-Green and Miss Penelope Chichester. They wore enchanting dresses of white nylon organza over white taffeta, with headdresses of red, blue, white and gold flowers and carried bouquets of the same gay colours. The bride's parents held a reception at Londonderry House, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's grandmother, the Dowager Viscountess Boyne, a sister of the late Earl of Harewood, who has brought up the bridegroom since he was a small boy; Lady Boyne very elegant in blue, and the Hon. Mrs. Stucley looking most attractive in a grey silk suit and a little pink hat.

**T**HE Princess Royal, who was in a powder blue ensemble, came on to the reception, as did her sons, the Earl of Harewood with the Countess of Harewood, whose elder son Viscount Lascelles performed his duties as page splendidly, and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles and his wife. Here again were a great many guests. To mention a few, I saw the bridegroom's uncle, the Hon. Richard Hamilton-

Russell, and his wife, whose seven-year-old daughter Veronica was a bridesmaid; his aunt Lady Forbes and Lord Forbes whose daughter, Gillian, was the other child bridesmaid, the bride's grandmother, Lady Poltimore, who flew from Southern Rhodesia for the wedding; Cdr. John Stucley, who was an usher, and his wife, and the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Bamfylde.

**I** ALSO saw the Earl and Countess of Onslow and their young daughter, Lady Tercsa Onslow; Lady Sarah Cumming-Bruce and her eldest sister, Lady Agnes Eyston, Countess St. Aldwyn—who came with Sir Hugh and Lady Dawson, who had a big family party which included their son and daughter-in-law, Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, who recently had a son and heir; Sir Malcolm Sargent talking to the Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta; Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale; the Hon. Mrs. Senior, just back from Rome, and her two daughters, Mrs. David Coleridge and Miss Deirdre Senior, who will be one of the most attractive of the 1957 débutantes. Viscount Hertford, whom I also met, was escorting his fiancée Miss Louise de Chimay, who is always so beautifully turned out; they are having their wedding in July.

Others present were Lady Rosemary Jeffreys and her sons, Mark, who, like the bridegroom, is in the Grenadier Guards, and George, who



is at Eton; Lady McCorquodale, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Foster two of the many friends from Shropshire, Mrs. Terence Maxwell looking very fit after her visit to the Bahamas, Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie and Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, who was talking to Lady Cayzer and her son Sir James Cayzer. The best man, Mr. Michael Colvin, very briefly proposed the health of the couple. Lord Boyne replied even more briefly in a charming way, just asking his wife to join in a toast to the guests!

Pictures of the occasion will be found on page 189.

YET another very pretty London wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, where Mr. Mark Cory-Wright married Miss Tania Holcroft. Huge vases of white blossom, white lilac, lilies, pale yellow roses and tulips beautifully arranged, decorated the church. The Rev. W. M. Atkins officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Tim Holcroft, is an attractive girl and looked radiant in a white satin dress, the train of which was cut in one with the full skirt. Her tulle veil was held in place by a tiny head-dress of white flowers and satin.

The five pages, Anthony and Simon Cory-Wright, Michael and David Coke, and James Douglas-Home, wore white shirts and long yellow shantung trousers. The three child bridesmaids, Caroline Barty-King, Sarah Smyly and Charmian Gold, wore white spotted organza dresses with yellow sashes and little headdresses of tiny flowers. After the ceremony the bride's mother, Mrs. Holcroft, who was in a sapphire blue ensemble with a feather trimmed hat, held a reception at Claridge's where, standing beside her son, she received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Cory-Wright (who also looked charming in blue with a spray of orchids).

AMONG members of both families were Sir Reginald and Lady Holcroft (in a grey and white print), Miss Phyllis Holcroft, Mr. Courtney Allen, the bride's uncle, and the bridegroom's brothers and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cory-Wright, and Mr. David Cory-Wright and Lady Jane Cory-Wright, whose two sons were pages. Also Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cory-Wright and their son, Godfrey, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright and their daughters Mrs. John Horlick and Mrs. David Curling with her husband. The Marquess of Bath was in the church and came on to the reception as did many friends of both families from Hertfordshire and Hampshire.

Among these I saw Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, Lady Gold and her son and daughter-in-law Mr. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Gold, whose little daughter Charmian was a bridesmaid, Lady Jaffray and her daughter Miss Annette Worsley-Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Irwin, the Hon. William and Mrs. Douglas-Home (very pretty in a pink coat), Mr. Ian Bailey and his sister, Mrs. Barnard Hankey, Major and Mrs. Peter Wiggin, Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Petre and her sister, Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Robin McAlpine, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Smyly and Mr. Simon Heneage, who was best man.

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THE Norwegian Ambassador's wife, Mme. Prebensen, and her daughter, Miss Evie Prebensen, gave a delightful little cocktail party at the Embassy for several young friends making their debut this year. Evie, who has inherited much of her mother's charm as a hostess, took the young guests around as they arrived and introduced them to the others, who included plenty of young men! There



**The wedding reception** of Mr. Mark Cory-Wright and Miss Tania Holcroft was at Claridge's, after the ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square. Above: the young couple with best man Mr. Simon Heneage, and attendants Sarah Smyly and Simon and Anthony Cory-Wright

*Mr. Rudolf Krefting and Miss Christine Fairfax Ross, a 1956 débutante*

*Miss Rosemary Deas, Mr. Peter Holcroft and Mrs. Patrick Swire*



*Lady Gloria and Mr. Ronald Flower, and Mr. and Mrs. John Lake*

*Mr. and Mrs. D. Rutland, Mrs. C. Keeling and Miss M. Williamson*

[Continued overleaf]





## A marriage in Hertfordshire

ST. MARY'S, KING'S WALDEN, was the scene of the wedding of Major John R. Riley, Coldstream Guards, son of Lt.-Col. C. J. M. Riley, and Miss Penelope Harrison, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison. The reception was at King's Waldenbury, the bride's home



James Jauncey, James Borwick, Virginia Murray-Smith, Catherine Lewis, Erica Baines and (in front) Clare Stanham

Miss Bridget Swire was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rollo



The Earl and Countess of Gainsborough with Mr. Petre Crowder, M.P.



were débutantes of several nationalities. I met Mlle. Anne de Steensen-Leth, the attractive daughter of the Danish Ambassador who is sharing her coming out dance at the Danish Embassy on May 11 with the Comtesse Dagmar Brockenhuus-Schack.

Also Miss Elizabeth Thorensen (pretty in a cerise satin dress) whose father is a Norwegian living over here; Miss Karen Koppang, another pretty Norwegian girl whom Mme. Prebensen presented at Buckingham Palace last month; Princess Cecilia Weikersheim, Miss Anne Peto Bennet, who is partly Norwegian, Mlle. Elaine de Miramon, one of the loveliest of this season's débutantes; Miss Gay Lowson and the two delightful daughters of the Portuguese Ambassador, Mlle. Madalena and Mlle. Clara Theotononio Pereira. Mr. Nicky Prebensen and his young wife helped his mother and sister look after their guests.

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I THOROUGHLY enjoyed the first night of Enid Bagnold's new play *The Chalk Garden*, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. If the applause after the final curtain is an indication of success it should run for a very long time. The play is brilliantly acted by a wonderful cast, including Felix Aylmer, Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft, and has been superbly produced by John Gielgud. The author, who in private life is Lady Jones, watched from a box with her husband, Sir Roderick Jones, and I saw two of their sons, Mr. Timothy Jones and his wife, who is the second daughter of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford, and Mr. Dominick Jones and his wife, who is the elder daughter of Lady Tweedsmuir and the late Sir Arthur Grant, in the stalls. Lady Victoria Scott was in the front row of the stalls with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. So were those inveterate first-nighters, Sir Louis and Lady Sterling and Rose Marchioness of Headfort. Adrienne Allen, in an attractive pink dress, was accompanied by her son, Mr. Dan Massey, and I saw Diana Wynyard and Irene Browne.

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A FAREWELL party always has a tinge of sadness however good a party it may be. Many of us felt this at the one which the Italian Ambassador Signor Vittorio Zoppi gave in honour of Baron Alessandro Farace, who is shortly leaving the Italian Embassy here to take up his new post as Minister-Counsellor in Belgrade. Baron Farace, who is not only an exceedingly able diplomat but also a charming personality, has been here five and a half years and will be sadly missed by a very big circle of friends, who will certainly wish him good luck in his new post. All three of the first-floor reception rooms of this fine Embassy were used for the party and among those who came to bid their farewells were the Swedish Ambassador and his vivacious Italian-born wife, Mme. Hagglof, whom I saw talking to the Duchess of Buccleuch.

Also the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke de Primo de Rivera, the Yugoslav Ambassador, Dr. Vladimir Velebit, the Marshal of the

### SPRING FASHIONS

● Next week's issue of The TATLER will be a special SPRING FASHIONS NUMBER—with eight pages of the best in international fashion. A brilliant cover illustration has been designed for it by a remarkable young English artist, Pamela Degil, at the request of our Fashion Editor, Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez.

● IN ADDITION, marking the arrival in this country of the Australian Test team, there will be a feature by Kenneth Gregory—on some of the overlooked aspects of the game.



Diplomatic Corps, General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones and the Vice-Marshal, Mr. Marcus Cheke. Viscount Hambleden and his beautiful Italian-born wife were having a long talk with Mrs. Victor Cavendish Bentinck. Nearby, the Duke of Buccleuch and Col. Walter Bromley-Davenport were chatting.

The Countess of Abingdon, as always one of the best dressed women present was talking to Mrs. Consuelo Rolo and Mr. Peter Tunnard. The Countess of Listowel was talking to Vicomte d'Orthez and Mme. Plesch, who was off a few days later to her villa in the south of France. Ann Lady Orr-Lewis and Countess Brazza, who was over from Rome for a few days with the Italian Couture Collection, were conversing with Mr. Peter Thursby and Dr. Bonivar, the Commercial Counsellor at the Italian Embassy. At the end of the room the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt were the centre of a group including the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce.

Merle Oberon, very glamorous, arrived in a beige fox coat, which she discarded and which Mr. David Metcalfe kindly carried round for her. Others whom I saw at this good party were Mme. Zulficar, outstandingly chic in an exquisite black taffeta dress, Miss Evie Prebensen, daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador, who was looking very attractive in a light tan dress and hat; Signor Giovanni Stagni; Mrs. John Dewar wearing one of the new umbrella hats in white; the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and M. John Phrantzes, Counsellor at the Greek Embassy.

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FOR a short while I looked in at a bridge party in aid of the British Sailors' Society, at the May Fair Hotel. An annual event, it was once again a great success and there were eighty-five tables of bridge arranged by a committee with Lady Bullock and Mrs. Norman Woodruffe as joint-chairman. Among those who took tables were Lady Bullock, Lady Mabel Luddington, Lady Holmes and Mrs. Whigham. I met Lady Swinfen who had been playing and Mrs. Mayer who is chairman of the functions committee for the society, which should benefit with a nice little sum. The Hon. Lady Lawson drew the lucky prize numbers and winners included Lady Robinson, Mrs. Gerald Barclay, Mrs. Dunbar and Mrs. Cornwallis West.

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LATER in the week I went down to Hertfordshire for the wedding of Major John Riley, Coldstream Guards, son of Lt.-Col. C. J. M. Riley, Seigneur de la Trinite, Jersey, and the late Mrs. Riley, and Miss Penelope Harrison, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison. This took place in the little church of St. Mary's, King's Walden, which adjoins the bride's home. It was most beautifully decorated with white lilies, lilac, white camellias and other lovely flowers, all grown at King's Waldenbury.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an extremely pretty dress of white lace with a tulle veil held in place by a circlet of diamonds. She was attended by two pages, her nephew James Borwick, and the bridegroom's cousin, James Jauncey, who wore replicas of the Coldstream Guards uniforms. Also four child bridesmaids, her nieces, Catherine Lewis and Erica Baines, the bridegroom's niece Clare Stanham, and Virginia Murray-Smith, who wore dresses of white nylon organza with red sashes and head-dresses of mixed red flowers.

Capt. R. R. Cooper, a brother officer of the bridegroom, was best man. After the ceremony, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Harrison, who wore blue, with a little pink hat, held a reception at

[Continued overleaf



## Gala by the Mediterranean

JENNIFER describes here the glittering and impressive spectacle of the Gala Reception which was given in honour of Prince Rainier and his bride Miss Grace Kelly as a prelude to their wedding in Monaco

AFTER a week of weddings in England I flew down to Monte Carlo for the celebrations which were the prologue to marriage of H.S.H. Prince Rainier III of Monaco and Miss Grace Kelly of Philadelphia. On the night of my arrival there was an invitation gala at the International Sporting Club in honour of Prince Rainier and Miss Kelly. It was certainly a brilliant spectacle, long to be remembered, the vast ballroom, scene of many big galas in the past, having been transformed for the evening.

The Palace of Versailles was the theme of the décor which had been cleverly done by M. Andre Levasseur, in a colour scheme of red and white, while the string band of many violins which played Mozart and other period music during dinner wore powdered wigs and white eighteenth-century costumes enlivened by glittering stars. When the dance band came on later they were wearing the same costumes in red.

On the low balcony at the far end of the room, opposite the stage, a Royal table had been arranged. Here were cleverly lit red velvet draperies as a background, while right along the front, for about thirty to forty feet, was a solid bank of lilies punctuated with red and white roses, and more lovely flowers were arranged very low on the long Royal dinner table.

EVERYONE was at their table when Prince Rainier arrived escorting Miss Kelly, who looked really beautiful in a white satin dress with a wide duck egg blue scarf fixed firmly right across the front of her dress, and knotted at the back. She sat on Prince Rainier's left and on the right of his father Prince Pierre. Also at the Prince's table were his sister Princesse Antoinette, his mother Princesse Charlotte, the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly, and her sister Mrs. Davis with Mr. George Davis, Prince Tassiol Furstenberg and Princess Schwarzenberg.

All present that evening had been specially invited by Prince Rainier, and the guests

included members of his government, of the Diplomatic Corps, and friends of both families. Among these were the Minister of State and Mme. Soum, M. Marcel Portanier, President of the Council of State, and Mme. Portanier, M. and Mme. de Crouy-Chanel, M. and Mme. Louis Aureglia—he is President of the National Council—the Mayor of Monaco and Mme. Robert Boisson, and M. Pierre Rey, President of the S.B.M., and Mme. Rey. The Aga Khan was there with the lovely Begum Aga Khan, who wore a satin stole with her long evening dress. They were at a table with General and Mme. Polovtsoff, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes and H.E. Ilhamy Hussein Pacha.

MME. BANAC, a most beloved personality of the Mediterranean coast, wearing magnificent sapphires and diamonds, had her son Mr. Vane Ivanovic and his beautiful wife at her table, also Prince and Princess Guy de Polignac, the latter wearing a superb azure ruby necklace and bracelet to match her azure blue faille dress, Prince Paul Ilinsky and Comte and Comtesse Seilern.

Mrs. Onassis looked very pretty in a beautifully beaded and embroidered dress. She and her husband had a big party at their table including Princess de Bismarck, also in a lovely beaded dress, Mme. Livanos, and Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Churchill.

Others enjoying this happy and brilliant evening included the French Minister Plenipotentiary at Monaco and Baronne Jean de Bausse, the Italian Consul and the Marquise Faa di Bruno, Prince Edmond de Polignac, Sir Archibald and Lady McIndoe, Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch, M. and Mme. Marcel Palmaro (he is Consul General of Monaco in New York), M. Leonce Peillard, M. and Mme. Pierre Cartier, M. and Mme. Claudel, and Mr. and Mrs. Jean Bruchesi. He is Under-Secretary of State for the Province of Quebec and had been attending the annual literary conference in Monte Carlo.



**A cocktail party** was given by Mrs. V. Avory at Dartmouth House, Charles Street, for her debutante daughter Miss Sonia Avory. After the cocktail party the 250 guests danced until after midnight. Above: Mrs. V. Avory and Miss Sonia Avory waiting to receive their guests



Miss Isobel Mitchell, Miss Fiona Fender and Mr. Garry Service



Mr. Nicholas Hurry, Miss Lesley Stephenson and Mr. Richard Stanes



Desmond O'Neill

King's Waldenbury. Here I saw the bridegroom's father, and his aunt, Mrs. Arthur Brocklebank, who helped receive the guests, the bride's uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Burnham, her sisters, Mrs. Burke, Miss Diana Harrison, Mrs. Windsor Lewis, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, Mrs. Michael Borwick, the Hon. Mrs. Desmond Chichester and Mrs. Gerald Baines. The Marquess of Abergavenny was there and their children, Lady Anne Nevill, Lady Rose Nevill, and the eight-year-old Earl of Lewes. Col. Jim Windsor-Lewis, who is now stationed in Kent, where he and his wife have a house near Canterbury, was there. Also Lt.-Col. Michael Borwick, who commands the Scots Greys, the Hon. Desmond Chichester, Cdr. Gerald Baines and Mr. Tony Burke.

**K**ING'S WALDENBURY is a beautiful English home with many fine pictures, and made a magnificent setting for a very happy wedding reception. Here again, as in the church, glorious flowers were arranged in all the rooms. The bride and bridegroom are an extremely

popular young couple and a great number of their young relations and friends were present.

These included the bride's nephew, Sir Thomas Pilkington, and his very pretty sister, Miss Sonia Pilkington, Miss Pamela Weeks, another very attractive girl who is just back from a six months stay in America where she had a wonderful time; also the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Strutt, the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, Col. and Mrs. Raoul Robin, Mr. Petre Crowder, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Crowder—who told me that they are now living nearby at Knebworth—Mr. and Mrs. George Murray-Smith, who had come over from Ireland for the wedding, and Capt. John Greener, who is in the bridegroom's regiment.

I also met Lady Doreen Prior Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. "Swanee" Rosselli, and their elder son, Hugh, the Hon. Lady Hardy, Capt. and Mrs. Andrew Mays, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Mr. "Obbie" Waller, Mrs. Stewart-Richardson, Mr. Dickie Gaskell and Mrs. Martin-Smith. There were no speeches, but after the cake had been cut, the bride's father asked everyone "to join

in drinking the health of the bride and bridegroom," to which the bridegroom simply said "Thank you." A little while later everyone joined in drinking the health of the bride's parents—as it was also the anniversary of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Harrison's wedding day!

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**T**HE fine setting of the Royal College of Surgeons has been chosen for the Victoria Cross Centenary Ball, to be held by the Royal Society of St. George on May 3 in aid of the Victoria Cross Fund. This will be a unique occasion with several holders of the great Victoria Cross present. Mary Duchess of Devonshire is chairman of the ball and Viscount Furness the Hon. Treasurer. Brig. Sir John Smyth, V.C., who is chairman of the Victoria Cross Committee, has been a live wire in the arrangements and, with Lady Smyth, is taking a party to the ball. Tickets from Mary Duchess of Devonshire, 79 Davies Street, W.1.

### Mrs. Alan Russell and Mrs. T. F. Adams' party for their daughters

Miss Genia Russell and Miss Gillian Adams, for whom the party was given

Miss Elizabeth Durlacher and Miss Virginia Todd at the Hyde Park Hotel

Miss Sally Hall, Miss Jennifer Lindsay and Miss Diana Denning were also there



A. V. Swaeb



# Viscount Boyne weds

THE Princess Royal attended the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Viscount Boyne to Miss Rosemary Stucley, who is the second daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. D. F. B. Stucley, of Hartland Abbey, Devon



Miss Sally and Miss Christine Stucley, sisters of the bride, and Miss Valerie Maxwell, bridesmaids

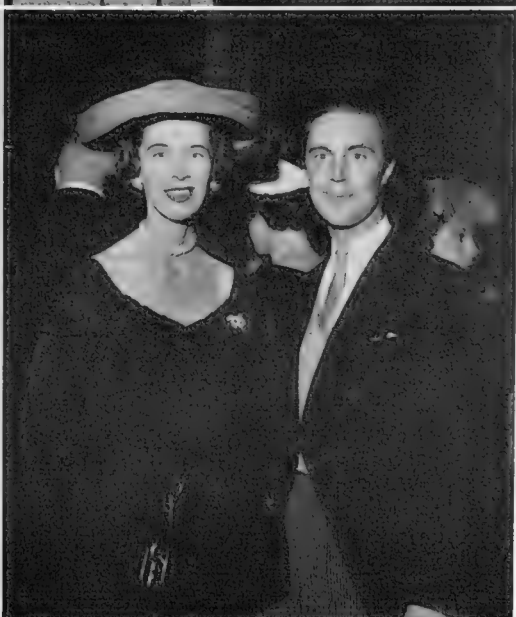
Miss Sally Churchill and Mr. Tom Craig were other guests

Miss Veronica Rutledge and Lord Edward Fitzroy



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. D. F. B. Stucley, parents of the bride

Lady Forbes, the Countess of Harewood and Gen. G. Verney at Londonderry House



Mr. and Mrs. N. Knight-Bruce

Mr. and Mrs. John Menzies







May—hawking



August—a fantoccini



September—rush bearing in Lancashire



April—All Fools' day

*The Victorian version of  
the Light Programme had,  
like ours, no lack of variety*

## NEVER A DULL DAY

• Sydney Carter •



November—Guy Fawkes Day

ASPIDISTRAS, nightdresses, candelabra... When will the current wave of nostalgia bring us back the Book of Days?

The Book of Days was a Victorian device for coping with a problem that confronts us still: how to make a dull day glowing and significant. "Every Day is an Anniversary": that was the slogan in the hearts of Hone and Chambers, those two titans of the Day Book. And, by hook or by crook, they proved it was. Try them and see.

Which is the blankest date you can imagine? The 13th of January? All right. Turn to the 13th of January in Hone's *Every Day Book*, Volume One, and you find that this is the feast day of St. Hilarius, Bishop of Poitiers: a saint not so jocund as his name suggests for, says Hone, "he obtained his wife's death with his prayers." With the two other saints who share his day—St. Veronica, a bread and water loving nun, and St. Kentigern, a Glasgow Bishop—he gets about a column.

From saints Hone jumps to lawyers: why is the Hilary Term so called? He explains about Vacations, Grand Days, Gaudy Days and Collar Days.

I LIKE to imagine Paterfamilias, surrounded by his family, reading out these gritty tit-bits by a roaring fire. Dusk is closing in, the snow is falling and the muffin-man, with green baize apron, rings his bell from door to door. January 13, 18—

Now, thinks Hone, it is time for an anecdote. He treats us to a merry tale about a tax-farmer, taken from "an old January journal." This Scrooge-like character lived in the south of France and hoarded his ill-gotten gains in a

cellar with a spring lock. One day he went down to gloat and the door slammed accidentally. Nobody knew where he was, and so he perished. Finally, Hone prints a list (in verse) of ways of telling if the weather will be foul or not; and that is all for the 13th of January.

That is pretty tame for Hone. If you want to find him at his more vivacious, turn to July 26. He has just paid a visit to Claude Seurat, better known as the Living Skeleton, who was on show at the Chinese Saloon in Pall Mall. The five pages on the Skeleton include pictures of him in a modest kind of kilt: "Seurat's Positions when exhibiting himself." On July 26, a year before, there had occurred at Warwick a fight between a lion and some dogs: from this Hone passes, by a natural association of ideas, to Nero, Christians and Cruelty to Animals. Then a bit about St. Anne (whose day it is) and a useful weather chart for the summer holidays: "The Weather Prognosticator, through all the lunations of each year for ever."

How much enterprise he showed in making *Days Significant* can be guessed from the index where, under "S," may be found these items one after the other: "Suett, the Comedian, his legs; Suffocation, receipt for; Suffolk customs; Suicides, how buried; Summer, dress; Sun, the, dancing; Sunday Schools; Superstitions, vulgar; Swallow-day; Swash-bucklers; Sweetheart customs; SWITHIN."

The two Bible-sized volumes of Chambers' Book of Days came out in 1862. The mixture is the same as before: a bit more suety, perhaps, for Chambers is a true Victorian—unlike Hone, who flourished in the sunset of the Regency (round 1830) though his *Every Day Book* was popular long after.

There are some items in Hone—a bit about trial marriages in the Isle of Portland, for example—which Chambers would have frowned upon. Sex was taboo, but Death was decent; and Chambers's attitude to coffins,





tombs, and bodily decay is less inhibited than ours. His account of the exhumation of John Hampden would not, I think, be considered nice today.

Since Chambers, nobody has dared to do a Day Book on the same heroic scale. We shall not see their like again. All the same, I see a future for the Day Book; not as a published work, but as a private document compiled by you and me—a cross between a scrap book and a diary.

This is how to begin: first, get an unused diary—the bigger the better. It doesn't matter what year it is, so long as it's a Leap Year; otherwise you'll have trouble with the 29th of February. Then write in, year by year, any occasion which you think is memorable; stick in pictures, if you like. Then, when you are (as Yeats puts it) "old and grey and full of sleep" you will be able to indulge in an orgy of accurate nostalgia.

MEANWHILE, it is not a bad idea to enter all the birthdays, weddings and other anniversaries which you are expected to remember; this alone should save you many angry looks in future. And if the pages still look blank, get hold of a Racing Almanac, an Astrologist's, Gentleman's or Musician's Diary (whichever you aspire to be) and crib a few memorable dates from that. After that, there isn't much for you to do except to wait for things to happen: for pipes to burst and flood the bedroom, burglars to steal the silver, babies to be born. . . .

Unless, of course, you are the kind of person who saves letters and receipts, or keeps a diary; if so, you can salvage something from the past. When did you first meet your husband/wife? First put on long trousers/lipstick? Join the Communists/Buffaloes/Buchmanites? It will be a melancholy business . . . but reviving.

Why do you suppose the Victorians dwelt so much on Time, Mortality and Days gone by? Because they found it did them good. They shed a tear, then turned with sharpened appetite to build an empire, bear ten children, sit down to a six-course dinner. And there's nothing like an anniversary for making you think of Time, Mortality, etc.

No wonder they liked the Day Book.



OWEN WANS





*Mrs. Gerald Legge, the Marquess of Northampton and Lady Korda*



*Mrs. Christopher Soames and her sister, Mrs. Duncan Sandys*



*Miss Ann Lowe and Miss Belinda Pascoe were programme sellers*



*The Marchioness of Northampton, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power and Enid Bagnold*

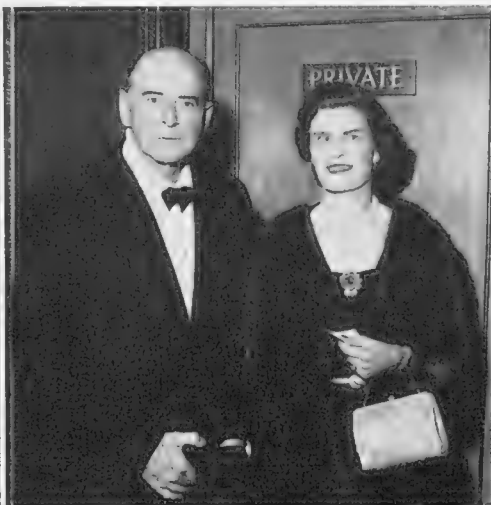
*Mrs. Hans Keuls, Mrs. Nigel Nielson and Mrs. Peter Spring arriving*

## PLAYGOER'S GALA

**THE** brilliant new play by Enid Bagnold (Lady Jones) at the Haymarket Theatre, *The Chalk Garden*, had a gala preview in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society. The chairman of the organizing committee was the Marchioness of Northampton

*Miss Joan Mary Sunley and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Sunley*

*Sir Nigel and Lady Colman arriving for the performance*



*H.E. the High Commissioner for Canada and Mrs. Norman Robertson*



*Desmond O'Neill  
The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and her husband, Judge John Maude*





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,*  
APRIL 25,  
1956  
193



*Mr. John Goodwin, Mr. Patrick Wymark, Miss Margaret Courtenay and Mr. Michael Northen*

## A PARTY BY THE AVON

A PERFORMANCE of *Hamlet* with Alan Badel in the title part, opened the 97th Shakespeare season at Stratford-upon-Avon this year. After the play members of the cast and their friends, and a number of the audience, attended a party given in the Memorial Theatre. Above: Sir Fordham Flower, Chairman of the Governors of the Theatre, with Angela Baddeley, the actress, and Lady Flower

*Diana Churchill who is in the company this year and producer Glen Byam Shaw*

*Mr. and Mrs. Brian Maddison and Emyln Williams, who plays Shylock for the first time in his career*



*Alan Badel with his wife and daughter*



*Van Hallan  
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Haddrick and  
Mrs. Anthony Quayle (Dorothy Hyson)*



## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

**S**TIRRING events of our own or, at furthest, our fathers' time are now being documented and reconsidered—sometimes fully told for the first time. And it is pleasing to a journalist to see how often by journalists rather than by professional historians. René MacColl of the *Daily Express* has brought to life the tragicomic, but by no means ignoble, figure of Roger Casement, and A. P. Ryan of *The Times* has recounted the cognate history of the Curragh mutiny.

My old friend Alan Moorehead, once of the *Daily Express*, has turned his war correspondent's eye on to the forty-year-old losing hazard of Gallipoli, and his Australian blood has quickened, especially, to the epic of Anzac: "This was the highest moment of their countries' short history; they had fought and won their first great battle, they were still in the glow of it, they knew suffering and they were not afraid."

My own recollection of the two most attractive figures in Moorehead's splendid book—Nevinson, the courageous, stylish and generous-hearted war correspondent, and his friend Ian Hamilton, the poet-general—is of the soldier at the memorial gathering to the journalist, after Nevinson's

death in 1941. Hamilton must have been 89 then—an erect figure, beautifully groomed and tailored. He spoke from the platform about Nevinson's good looks and gallantry and then, he said, the picture rose up before him of Nevinson at his folk-dancing, "up and down and round about, with shouts of laughter and many impromptu steps." And the near-nonagenarian, himself so gallant and good-looking, executed a few steps of his own, to show us what he meant.

It is fifteen years ago that I sat there, a reporter from the paper that Nevinson had sometimes written for, and I shall never forget the man whose speech I was taking down, or the man he himself was remembering.

★ ★ ★

**W**HAT caused the decline in port drinking in England, and when did it begin? I see that Virginia Cowles, in her serialized account of the life and lively times of Edward VII—another journalist's excursion into recent history—puts it as early as the eighteen-seventies, and gives an interesting reason.

The Prince of Wales was the first host to permit smoking in the dining-room—after the ladies had withdrawn, of course—instead of restricting it to special smoking-rooms, to be enjoyed only in quilted jackets and with a tasselled cap to protect the hair from the smell of tobacco. Brandy stood up better than port to the rich, oily smell of Havana leaf, and brandy—Miss Cowles suggests—began as long ago as that to usurp some of the after-dinner status of port.

**I**T would be interesting to have some comparative statistics. I had imagined, myself, that the decline did not begin until almost our own time, when people whose fathers or grandfathers had had the time, the taste, the money and the cellar-space all necessary for serious port-drinking, found themselves in modern flats without the cellars in which crusted port needs to rest for a while; without the cash in hand for more than one bottle of ruby at a time, bought on the way back from the office; and unable, in any case, to linger over the dinner table.

A man can't sit over his port when mute wifely pleas for a hand with the washing-



up are being conveyed by thought-transference from the kitchen.

Be the cause of the fall in the consumption of port what it may (and even if Virginia Cowles is right about its origin, I see that exports of fortified wine—port and madeira—from Portugal fell from over 600,000 hectolitres in 1925 to less than half that in 1952, so the change in taste continues), I should be sorry if it affected unduly the size and character of the British colony of port-shipping families who have lived in and around Oporto since the eighteenth century, whence they have derived much of their style and way of life, combining Whiggish high living with a Palmerstonian passion for stirring up other people's liberal revolutions. It was as a result of this latter characteristic that the rich and grand merchant aristocrats who had entertained Wellington's officers also gave a hand to Portuguese insurrectionists building street barricades.

I HAVE been reading about these robust and idiosyncratic characters in a new travel book, *Blue Moon In Portugal*, in which a Mr. and Mrs. Younger (a malty name for a rather grapey book) devote a chapter to port and its shippers, and an especially fond glance at the unswervingly British traditions of "The Colony" of Crofts and Grahams and Warres and Cockburns, and the rest.

It is recorded here, incidentally, that there was a time when some of these almost Regency families were resented by the Portuguese, for their supposed arrogance and immorality. It was said against them at one time, for instance, that many an English shipper would refuse to buy a farmer's vintage until he had slept with the farmer's daughter. The Youngers dismiss the slander with the wise observation that this is not a practical method of pursuing trade.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the many things that pleases me about that great and good institution the London Library is that a division of the "Science and Miscellaneous" floor, between "Engines" and "Epidemics," is "Enthusiasm." I am obliged to report, as a marginal note on this lackadaisical age, that there were only three books in it the other day, all dingy, and one with its spine broken.

After "Epidemics" comes, appropriately enough, "Epitaphs" and it was there I discovered an enchanting collection of Americana, *Stories On Stone*, recent enough to include this, the only inscription on a family tomb in a Minnesota cemetery:

*None of us ever voted for  
Roosevelt or Truman*

but ranging, too, beyond the days of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane (both of whose epitaphs are here recorded) and of the character who

*was accidentally shot with one of the large  
colt's revolvers with no stopper for the  
cock to rest on it was one of the old fashion  
kind brass mounted and of such is the  
kingdom of heaven.*



THE HON. IRIS PEAKE has since 1952 been lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. Princess Margaret, a post which like others involving attendance on Royalty in their heavy schedule of public engagements, calls for high qualities of efficiency and tact. Miss Peake is the eldest daughter of Viscount Ingleby—the former Mr. Osbert Peake, M.P.—and Viscountess Ingleby, who is a daughter of the seventh Earl of Essex

This absorbing volume has been at my bedside ever since I discovered it, and I am constantly finding new favourites. But it is hard to beat this, from Springdale, Ohio:

*Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of the same style 350 dollars.*

★ ★ ★

By a happy coincidence, I was in the very Bact of writing about these early Americana when a catalogue arrived from Sothebys of their book sale on May 7 and 8,

#### YOUNGER BROTHER

You looked terribly old in that dress  
but the party was grand!  
I shan't see you much, now. They said  
you would be "in demand."

Last year, you wore sensible jeans,  
we went tickling trout. . . .  
Why must girls go in for this thing  
that they call "coming out"?

—Lorna Wood

when, among other early printed books, they will sell a first edition, printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1663, of John Eliot's translation into the language of the local American Indians of the Bible and Metrical Psalter.

What is pleasing about this rare book is not merely that its title is

MAMUSSE  
WUNNEETUPANATAMWE  
UP-BIBLUM GOD

but that it was dedicated to Charles II. I like to picture that monarch dipping into his presentation copy.

★ ★ ★

ITALY is losing something of its character. Next month's municipal elections are the first to be affected by the new law on election propaganda, which restricts bill-posting to special notice boards where every political party, whatever its size, gets equal space. What's more, the number of notice-boards is also restricted, being determined by the size of the town—even Milan is allowed only a thousand.

For a country which adores manifestoes, painted or chalked on walls, and which has always enjoyed a multiplicity of political parties (remember the post-war party specially formed as a protest against too many parties: it got quite a lot of votes) this is austerity indeed.

ALSO it does away with one of the minor ameliorations of Italy's chronic unemployment. I remember a gay and resourceful young islander of Elba who would sometimes take us out in his boat but whom we would also bump into in the streets of Portoferraio, the capital, now sticking up posters for the Christian Democrats, now for the Communists. There were other political flirtations, too, before he finally settled down with the Liberals, who paid best, he told us, and for whom he worked hard and enthusiastically. That was in daylight hours, and with formal printed posters.

This source of income for him and his impecunious kind will now be sadly curtailed. Indeed, the logical development would seem to be an official corps of billstickers with a technical school training in the fine art of aligning posters in military formation, so that no shadow of offence may be given to any party whatever.

I think my acquaintance earned a little extra pocket-money by less official work at night; not tearing down or defacing the posters he had put up during the day—that would have been unethical—but chalking up anti-Liberal slogans on neighbouring walls.

★ ★ ★

I AM indebted to an erudite literary historian, writing in *The Times Educational Supplement*, for the reminder that the rival captains in the climatic cricket match of Dr. P. G. Wodehouse's school-story, *Mike*, published in 1909, were called, respectively, Burgess and MacLaine.

## At the Theatre

## NIGHT OF DANGER

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

OUR managers, as we have all heard, let *The Chalk Garden* slip through their doubting fingers to become a resounding success on Broadway. Now they see it welcomed home at the Haymarket as quite the most enjoyable item in the current theatre list; and they are bound to feel a little foolish. But Miss Enid Bagnold's comedy cannot have been easy to judge in typescript.

Several dangers must have leapt to the eye—the lapidary precision of the dialogue, the collection into a single preposterous *ménage* of no fewer than four astonishing eccentrics and one woman with a strange past, to say nothing of the disconcerting way in which the action kept shifting its distance from reality. And it is true that the stage life of this piece is a succession of dangerous moments. Our enjoyment largely comes from seeing the dangers dared and triumphantly by-passed, but then we have the advantage denied to the play-readers of taking in the author's wit and gracefully daring contrivances through Sir John Gielgud's delicately imaginative production and the personalities of a perfectly chosen cast.

Dame Edith Evans is the rich old lady who would have everybody about her as eccentric as herself. "I have given up thinking," she says, "I have another method." She is always leaving her teeth about the place. "There is something wrong with them," she explains. "You cannot make a lower set for a woman of character."

ASKED to open a bazaar and given her engagement book she discovers that it is last year's. "Never mind. The dates are much the same." Her house boy is a former convict, and the butler, dying upstairs, still rules the house tyrannically, as he has done these many years past. She engages a lady companion for her granddaughter simply because the applicant has no references. References only create a sense of false security.

But the lady companion is Miss Peggy Ashcroft at her most selfless—dowdy yet almost visibly choking down repressed passion, defiantly secretive yet plain spoken. She is not in the least taken aback by the problem child she has been engaged to companion. In the bright adolescent who hates her mother and



THE CHALK GARDEN  
Left: The judge (Felix Aylmer), world weary and wise, advises Miss Madrigal (Peggy Ashcroft), the mysterious companion, against unburdening the secrets of her past. Below: Mrs. St. Maugham (Edith Evans), a formidable eccentric who refuses to recognize the limits of her chalk garden or of life, her granddaughter Laurel (Judith Stott) a pathetic little exhibitionist, and Maitland (George Rose) a devoted but somewhat unconventional retainer

claims to have been ravished in Hyde Park some years earlier, she recognizes the fantasy-ridden girl she herself once was. She comes to her help as passionately as she comes to the help of the rhododendrons which her feckless employer has set growing in chalk soil. The play turns on whether the rhododendron child shall be left growing eccentrically in a chalk garden or whether she shall be returned to the proper soil of her own home.

BEFORE Miss Bagnold has nicely worked the gardening symbol and the thing symbolized into a serious comment on life (which is to the effect that eccentrics, however rich, cannot for ever defy the laws of growth), she borrows an anecdote from Mr. Somerset Maugham, and makes it her own. The governess gives herself away to a judge who has come to lunch as the woman he condemned to death fifteen years ago and who was reprieved, but not on his initiative. This scene (exquisitely produced and beautifully acted by all concerned) is the making of the play, the misery of the governess slowly making its way with congealing effect through the gorgeous absurdities of the old lady to the point that the patience and sense by which alone we can cultivate our gardens must be learned in suffering, if no other sequence serves. The downy old judge is played by Mr. Felix Aylmer as only he among living actors can. Miss Judith Stott is remarkably good as the unmanageable child; and Mr. George Rose as the moronically romantic house boy, and Miss Rachel Gurney, as the mother who wants to re-possess her own daughter, add to the pleasures of an evening of choice acting.





## SUSAN STEPHEN IN THE PACIFIC

A RETROUSSÉ nose and freckles have been a great asset to that lively young screen personality Susan Stephen. For they influenced director Robert Hamer when he chose her for the part of Eric Portman's daughter in *His Excellency*—a rôle originally intended for an established name. She was only eighteen when she faced the cameras for the first time, since when Susan Stephen has appeared in any number of British films. She is seen here as Olivia Grimble in *Pacific Destiny*, the title of the film adapted from Sir Arthur Grimble's fascinating autobiography, *A Pattern Of Islands*, shot almost entirely on the island of Upolo, in Western Samoa. Denholm Elliott plays opposite her as Sir Arthur himself





*Miss Jackie Sexton and Mr. William Sternberg from U.S.A.*

*A. V. Swaabe*



*Mr. Derek Steel, who was the ball organizer, and Mrs. Derek Steel*

*Mr. Paul Vine, Miss Anne Lloyd, Mr. J. V. Beesley, Cambridge President, and Miss Rose Hickey*

## ATHLETES AT A MAYFAIR DANCE

**T**HE ACHILLES CLUB, composed of Blues both past and present from Oxford and Cambridge, gave a dance at 6 Stanhope Gate, after the athletic meeting at the White City, which Oxford won for the ninth year in succession by the record margin of 48 points. After 82 contests, stretching over a period of 92 years, the universities are now level with 38 wins apiece







Mr. R. St. G. T. Harper, Miss Susan Harper, Mr. K. S. Duncan, Mrs. Harper, and Mr. Chris Chataway



Mr. G. S. Churchill, Miss Janet Parkes, Mr. J. P. Ford and Mrs. Ford

Major Tommy Macpherson, M.C., an old Oxford Blue, and Mrs. Macpherson



Mr. Martyn Grose and Miss Jennifer Stansbie were sitting out

Mr. Ross McWhirter and Miss Rosemary Hamilton Grice, who are engaged

Dr. Roger Bannister, one of the distinguished guests, and Mrs. Bannister



Below: Miss M. Tracy-Phillips, Miss J. Gaydon, Mr. T. Higgins, and Mr. M. Chaplin





Above: Prince Michael and Princess Alexandra of Kent. Right: the bridal procession



## Priscilla in Paris

# LEFT BANK'S RED CIRCUS

CARS, and cars, and cars! They seemed to stretch for kilometres in all directions. The rather flamboyant, particoloured coachwork that automobile fashion ordains at time of writing, lighted up more the sombre purlieus of the boulevard de Grenelle, a part of the town that usually only comes to life when the jewel like windows of the overhead Metro trains flash by. Smaller and darker cars, in double rows, lined the Left Bank of the Seine, south-west towards the Point du Jour and north-east towards the Champs de Mars. Belated arrivals were even parked on the Right Bank.

Agents de police at every street corner chanted the Paris equivalent to their London brothers': "Can't park 'ere, you know!" but being Parisian kindly looked the other way when the driver was a woman. The Palais des Sports gleamed with a thousand lights. One likes to believe that this sounds impressive although we all know that the P. des S. is nothing but our dear old Winter Velodrome ("Vel d'Hiv" between you-and-me dear readers) where one attends, according to one's vices, bicycle races, boxing matches, religious revivals, dog shows, "jumping" contests and rodeos. Palais des Sports however is its High-Day-Holiday-Gala name that most fittingly served on this occasion since Paris circus fans were receiving the Moscow circus. The entertainers from behind the Iron Curtain were shown a right republican welcome.

Ex-Premiers M. Mendès-France and M. Edgar Faure represented politics. Innumerable writers from André Maurois to Marcel Achard were there. All the *grandes vedettes* of the stage and screen were present and I need hardly add that H.E. Comrade Vinogradov, the Russian Ambassador to Paris, occupied a *loge d'honneur*. The remainder of the vast building was filled with the *hoi polloi* of bourgeois capitalism that enthusiastically showed what can be done in the way of honest applause by fragile hands unused to proletarian toil.

THE bears were the highlight of the programme, for though all the items were excellent they were not better than those we are accustomed to see on our side of the Curtain. However, we completely lost our hearts to Oleg Popov, an irresistible clown who reminded the older members of the audience of a certain Buster Brown who delighted their childhood.

Popov uses no extravagant make-up. His own soft flaxen hair is cut in a rather long, straight bob, and topped with peaked caps in loud checks of various hues; his velvet coat is . . . just a coat. His plump, rosy cheeks are unpainted, his big, baby-blue eyes are less made up than those of many a cover girl and if his nose is slightly tip-tilted by art it is merely because no one has ever heard of a clown with

a classic Greek appendage in the middle of his face.

Surprise-strikes are still complicating life in this lovely but not always Gay City. When, however, the ticket punchers of Metroland walked out one morning they annoyed no one but themselves; the daily toilers who passed through the portals and turnstiles unchallenged enjoyed free rides so long as the strike lasted which was, unfortunately from their point of view, not long!

MME. MADELEINE RENAUD and Jean-Louis Barrault with their famous company are leaving Paris for a long, long tour and Londoners probably will see them before they return to us. In a few days they fly to Mexico, where the tour starts, and we are sad. They are also leaving the Marigny, where they have been in partnership with Mme. Simone-Volterra. Paris is hoping that when they return it will be to their own theatre.

After the last performance on Sunday night innumerable friends came round to bid them God-speed. The passages and dressing-rooms filled with stage baskets, crated furniture and boxes of souvenirs made one think of the last act of *The Cherry Orchard* that they have played so often. Patches on the walls where pictures and photographs have hung for the past ten years were painful to contemplate and the windows of Mme. Madeleine Renaud's boudoir, stripped of their charming fripperies, stared back at us blankly.

A most melancholy moment!

## A l'innovation

• The recent introduction of gendarmes to helicopters as police for the high roads of la Belle France is not to everyone's taste. American visitors are calling them: the hell-cops!





## Royal wedding in Munich

**M**EMBERS of Royal houses from all over Europe attended the wedding at Schloss-Seefeld, Munich, of Archduke Ferdinand of Habsburg, and Countess Helen zu Toerring-Jettenbach. The bride is seen (above, centre) with Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and the Duchess of Kent, her aunt



Princess Alexandra of Yugoslavia and Princess Dorothea of Hesse



Duke Johannes of Hohenberg, Prince Albrecht of Bavaria (behind), and Princess Maria ne zu Löwenstein



Prince Max of Bavaria, Princess Isabelle of Paris, Archduke Heinrich of Austria and Princess Helen of Paris

Prince-Egon Fürstenberg, Countess Kinsky, Princess Pless, Baronin Friesen and Count Wilczek





Pat Taaffe, the champion Irish jockey, of the North Kildare Hunt team

Mrs. R. McCall, Major Stephen Johnson and Mrs. Andrew Levins-Moore, the winning Limerick team



## At the Races

# A LEGER POSSIBLE?

IF Lady Wyfold's Rustam is really as good as they said he was before the Queen's High Veldt made him look like a hack in that race at Kempton, then the Leger ought to be all over. The moment however, that either a horse or a human does anything creditable there is a breed of person simply compelled by a quaint urge to start telling us that he is not as good as people think. This debunking process usually starts with "Oh yes but . . ."

In this recent case, just to take an instance, not only have they discovered that Rustam never can have been a good colt but that the Queen's High Veldt is too small to have any chance of winning the Leger! *En passant* what was Hyperion, his papa? Not as big as some of those things upon which people used to play polo in the "just-before-Hitler" period.

SOME of these "ponies" were pretty nearly 16 hands, far too big, as some of us thought, because it is not every big one who will turn on a sixpence. Size however does not really matter: It is how they are put together. "Ponies" who could hardly put the chins on the fences have won the National.

To revert, however, if we accept that this colt Rustam is not as moderate as the people who are always so wise after the event have discovered that he is, he may yet win the Guineas or the Newmarket Stakes; but I do not think the Derby. Being wise after the event is so very easy, and it amuses the

children. I do not think that Lady Wyfold's nice colt is cut to fit Epsom, but Her Majesty's colt is, and it seems a pity that he was not left in the Derby. In the Leger they get a little time to find their feet, but in the Derby this may not be possible, because it is run at sprinting pace, and there are so many hazards. The Derby and the Leger are so utterly dissimilar. A jockey may afford to ride an indifferent race in the Leger, but the Derby will rarely let him off.

An exhibition of pictures by surely the best



## Sabretache

animal painter of these present times. Mrs. Horace Colmore, is now open at the Walker Galleries in New Bond Street, and is sure to interest everyone who likes to see the horse put on canvas as he should be. Mrs. Colmore's work is very well known in the Paris Salon where she is a frequent exhibitor, and where the standard is very high. This exhibition in London is by no means confined to horses and hounds, for there are also about half a dozen portraits of polo ponies belonging to Mr. Holden White, the well known American player. There is also a very attractive one from Mrs. Bomford's Arab Stud, the champion stallion Crystal.

ARABS have always been picture horses from the time of the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Barb and the Byerley Turk onwards. Martial little steeds and tremendously fond of "throwing themselves into their uniforms" and very conscious of the pomp and panoply of it all. Hot as blazes to ride sometimes, but clever as paint and full of brain and quite often very good jumpers.

There are also in this exhibition two very good portraits of Durante and Our Babu, the latter lent by the owner, Mr. Robinson, and in another section, some pictures of the Duchess of Westminster's dachshunds. The one of Miss Merthyr Guest and her hounds is a presentation portrait, and will be of interest, no doubt, to those who are fond of that type of hound. Of their line-hunting qualities it is quite unnecessary to speak, for they are too well known. Some people have said that it is quite impossible to lift them, but this I do not believe, for first and foremost they are well-trained foxhounds. I like also the two pictures of the Berkeley and the Buccleuch and the Berkshire landscape looking from Hampshire. I should not say so much about this good show, unless I knew that it would please anyone, especially artists, to go and look at it.



AN exciting equestrian event in Ireland was the all-Ireland hunter trials at Castletown, Lord Carew's lovely estate in Co. Kildare. There were thirty-nine teams in all, competing from hunts all over the country, the winners being the Limerick hunt team. Below: Mrs. Lanslot Smith and Mr. F. V. Block-Saloz of the Island hunt team, Co. Wexford, were tackling the water jump



Miss Gabriel Waddington of the Louth hunt

Miss Philippa Nichols, Miss Sara Walford and Mr. Paddy McCann



Mrs. Nesbit Waddington, a member of the Louth team, and Miss Grania Bevan



Lady Perdita Blackwood and Miss Jane Groves were in the Co. Down Staghounds team

Mr. Robin de Vere Hunt, the Hon. Patrick Carew and Mrs. Robin de Vere Hunt

Miss Susan Kettle and Capt. John Grogan, who hunts with the Carlow



Charles C. Fennell  
Lady Carew and Mrs. Michael Beaumont joint-master of the Kildare

## FOR THE PROMENADE

THESE two dresses are the perfect alternative for a suit. Digby Morton's street dress (left) has the new Princess high bustline with outlined tailored revers, unpresse<sup>d</sup> pleated hip fullness—diagonal wrap-around tunic lines—all of which emphasize the superlatively slim line. The black hat is by Rudolph. *Trompe d'oeil* painting by Roy Hobdel. Also by Digby Morton is the tweed two-piece for town. The boxy, cardigan, straight, short coat is worn over a slim tweed dress; the Empire line is accentuated by black grosgrain. The white umbrella hat is by Rudolph and the whole ensemble is once again set off by one of Roy Hobdel's *trompe d'oeil* paintings. Photographs by Michel Molinare

by

Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez





# PARIS LIFTS A TWEED BAN

MANY of the new Paris models (from which the London line is still taking its trend) are particularly revolutionary. In these examples, for instance, tweed is used for town as well as country wear, for cocktail time and evening. The Hubert de Givenchy Boutique brings out a threequarter length coat in wool (right) which is handpainted in several shades of blue, from very pale to cornflower, to which the shade of the hat is finely matched



Nicole Bukzin

*Jacques Griffe designed this cardigan-like top in a lightweight tweed (above). It is in a green, yellow and black weave, and is worn over a straight dress with a high neck, hardly existing sleeves, and a floating panel at the back of the skirt*

*Carven's small dogtooth pattern in navy white worsted (right) is fresh and excessively chic, while the black buttons give this full pleated skirt-suit the height of this season's look*









Michel Molinare



## DOUBLE-BRACKET

*We show some exceptional hats,  
both couture and wholesale models,  
“different” in mood and design:  
each in its way, and price-bracket,  
an expression of high millinery*





RUDOLPH designed the two  
Rcouture hats opposite. At top,  
a flat crown of goose quills dyed  
black and surrounded by a halo of  
stiff spotted veiling. Below: A trim,  
crisp, tailored, white organza  
boater with a small flat self front  
bow. On this page are the whole-  
sale hats, on sale at leading stores.  
From Wooley Sanders comes this  
flat, black, velvet crowned cart-  
wheel (above) brimmed in lattice  
woven pure white straw. Above  
right: From Connor, another cart-  
wheel with flat crown in a green-  
black-white Paisley material. The  
crown is in moss green straw.  
Right: Also from Connor, and also  
in Paisley, and in the same tones—  
here is a small rounded mushroom  
crown jutting brimmed boater





Michel Molinare

## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by  
Isobel Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez



## OCCASION FOR LACE

THE essence of elegance for the social season at Ascot, cocktail time and dining out is this beautiful slim, strap sheath dress in *café au lait* real Guipure lace. In two piece *écru*, or black it costs 42 gns. from Woollands of Knightsbridge, who also have the accessories. For day a large black hat in ruched tulle 17 gns. Black French threequarter length suède gloves, £2 18s. 6d. For evening the dress alone and a large white straw hat draped with nylon net, 14 gns. White doeskin washable full length gloves £2 17s. 6d.







*FEW* things give greater elegance to a room than beautiful glass. On these pages are a number of lovely examples of contemporary glass which can be seen at Fortnum and Mason. These come from some of the countries most famous for design in this medium—JEAN CLELAND

A Daum glass bowl which comes from France, of highly original design resembling a splash of light. Price £18

## *Crystal in the modern manner*

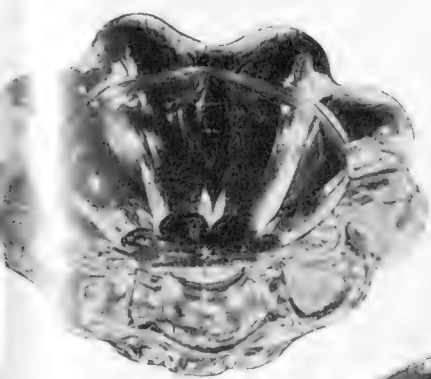
Below left: Two vases in Swedish glass, "Seagull" £4 6s. "Stork" £6 11s. 6d. Below right: An exquisite Brierley crystal vase with engravings of fish, costing £16 3s. 6d.







Above: Two of the French baccarat engraved glass fruit bowls. A full set of nine pieces costs £25 4s.



Daum glass dishes (above) for salt or ashtrays. £2 5s. a pair. Right: Daum glass ash-tray and stubber. £2 17s. 6d.



Whitefriars crystal smoked vase—perfect for a large flower arrangement. £2 10s.

## Beauty

# A new door to charm

Jean Cleland



THE TREATMENTS ROOM (above) which opens out of Guerlain's new salon has a fresh blue and white décor and a most pleasant air of tranquillity. Below: Two views of the salon itself with its beautiful French Empire furniture. Its walls are panelled in natural pine



SPRING was in the air when I arrived at a party given recently by Guerlain at their beautiful new salon in Grafton Street. Exquisitely arranged flowers mingled their scent with that of Guerlain's famous Perfume No. 90 (known in France and America as "Shalimar") with which the room was sprayed. It seemed to me too, that gentle whisperings from other such well-loved Guerlain scents as L'Heure Bleu, Mitsouko, and Vol de Nuit, were lingering on the air to add a touch of magic to this festive evening.

As I stood waiting to greet my host and hostess, M. and Mme. Strahl, the directors of Guerlain in England, I looked around me at the walls panelled in natural pine, and the beautiful French Empire furniture, which I was told had been sent over from France. The effect was one of quiet elegance, and a sense of restfulness which results when simplicity and distinction go together.

LATER in the proceedings, which were friendly and informal, I was introduced by Mme. Strahl to Mme. d'Aubiac, Dermatologist and Directrice of the Guerlain Institut de Beauté, in Paris, who paid a charming, and what I felt to be a sincere compliment to my countrywomen. "I am impressed," she said, "by the beautiful complexions of the English women. So fine textured, so clear, and so fresh. Even the older women seem to have lovely skins."

Coming from so scientific an expert as Mme. d'Aubiac, this was indeed something to bring an even greater glow than that produced by the champagne which was being served at the party. In Paris this knowledgeable Frenchwoman sees all clients for diagnosis before they have their treatments. She also designs and creates all the Guerlain beauty preparations which go to all parts of the world.

ON this occasion, Mme. d'Aubiac was over here for a double purpose; to be present at the launching of the new salon, and also to cast an eye over the treatments which are now being given in it and have a talk with the treatment girls whom she herself trained in France.



The treatments cubicle, which opens out of the salon, is so large that a fellow journalist suggested that it should be divided into three. Maybe later, if the appointments for treatments greatly increase—which I feel may soon be the case—this will have to be done. In the meantime the sense of space, and the fresh blue and white décor of the room, gives a feeling of peace, which is very soothing to the clients who go, not only to have their faces beautified, but their nerves relaxed.

It is not possible at a party to go into things very deeply, but what I heard of the Guerlain treatments that night was of sufficient interest to take me back on a second and quieter visit, to learn more about them.

One which I feel should be extremely helpful to the many women who come up from the country for a day in London to shop and do a theatre, is called the "Matinée Treatment." This costs only 12s. 6d., and for this modest sum you get what seemed to me to be very excellent value. As in all Guerlain treatments, the skin is diagnosed before anything is done. It is then cleansed and toned, and made up with shades to flatter whatever colour you happen to be wearing. In addition to this, some useful suggestions are given regarding make-up in general, in order that the client may continue to get the best results for herself at home.

SOMETHING else which seemed to me to be extremely beneficial, especially at this time of year (or at all times for those with extra dry skin), is the "Super-Nourishing" facial treatment. This starts as before with skin diagnosis, after which comes the cleansing, followed by scientific face massage. The high spot of this treatment is a Deep Rejuvenating, Super-Nourishing Mask. When the mask has been removed, the skin is sprayed with lotion, and then made up as usual.

People who have been living abroad in hot climates where the sun has dried out the natural oils, or others whose skin has suffered from the effects of cold winds, would I feel sure find this extremely helpful.





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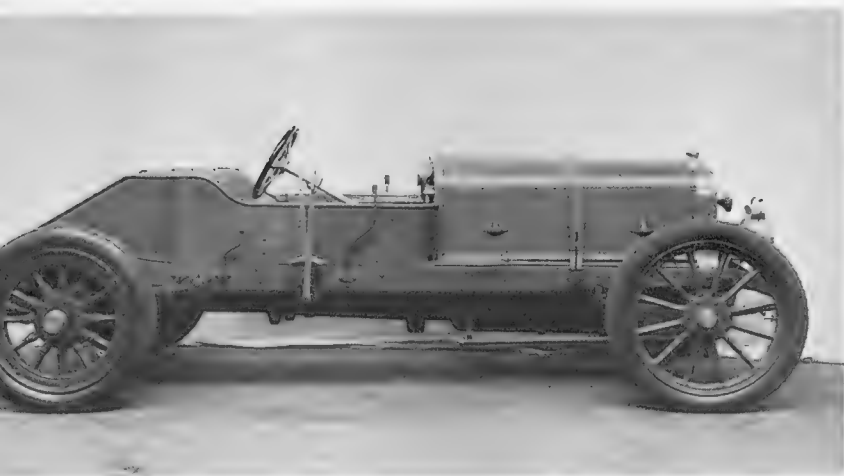
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THE AUSTIN 100 Grand Prix racer (above) built in 1908, was to be driven by Lord Brabazon at the opening of the extended Montagu Car Museum at Beaulieu, Hants. Right, some of the Museum's latest acquisitions; a 1906 Renault and two motor cycles, a 1911 Triumph and a 1904 Charlton-Buchet



## Motoring

Oliver Stewart

# THE CARAVAN ON MANOEUVRES

ALTHOUGH I claim to know the difference between a caravan and a caravanserai, that is about as far as I can go. I have never owned a caravan nor entered a caravanserai, and that in spite of the enthusiastic encouragement of some of my friends. The Third British Caravan Road Rally on Saturday (April 28) has elicited good entries, and some of the tests at Goodwood are so interesting that I propose to attend there in order to begin my education in caravans and their customs.

The entry list shows five teams of women, one of them led by Mrs. A. Bateman, the wife of a farmer at Goosnargh near Preston. Her co-driver is Mrs. J. L. Bamber. At Goodwood besides the acceleration, reversing and braking tests there is an uncoupling and handling test in which the car and caravan must be taken out of a ten-foot roadway and in through a narrow "gateway." The road section, with which the Rally begins, is of 175 miles ending at a site in Surrey. There is then a stop and re-start test on a one in eight gradient, and the final journey to Goodwood. The Rally is being organized by the Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland, whose chairman is Mr. G. H. Hollingbery. He has himself entered for the Rally, this being his second experience of it. He was runner-up last year. His car is a Jaguar.

WHAT is said to be the world's first motor cycle museum has now been established at Beaulieu Abbey in Hampshire. These notes will appear shortly after the opening ceremony and I shall hope to refer again to the museum in a future issue. The exhibits will range from a 1½-h.p. Beeston tricycle built in Coventry in 1897 to recent winners of the T.T. A fifty-two year old 4-h.p. Charlton-Buchet, although French powered, is believed to have been assembled near Cheltenham. One machine, which the experts say was built by a railway engineer, has fourteen controls.

Because my articles straddle the date of the opening ceremony and because I may be away at Aintree when it takes place, I can only give here an indication of the schedule that was arranged beforehand. Lord Brabazon was to drive the Austin in which he competed in a French Grand Prix of the early 1900s, and, on parade, there was to be the 1903 Mercedes which was owned by the late Lord Northcliffe.

A feature of the opening ceremony which, if it went to plan, must have been intriguing was the riding by people like Geoffrey Duke, Alec Bennett, Graham Walker and Jimmy

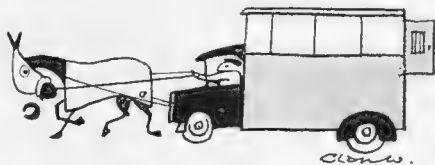
Simpson, the great racing motor cyclists, of a number of veteran motor cycles. The official opening was to be the duty of Duke. The motor car museum in Palace House is being removed to an adjoining building where there is more space for it. The museum has been established by the present Lord Montagu, who is a collector and user of veteran machines, in memory of his father, the second Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who was, I believe, the first motoring correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. He founded and became the first editor of *Car Illustrated*.

IN spite of the remarkable equipment with which so many service stations are now furnished there remains, I believe, a fairly large number of motor car owners who like to do their own servicing. If the arrangements and the equipment in the home garage are correct, there should be nothing particularly unpleasant about servicing. In fact, it ought to be possible to do the work without getting dirty, so that women owners ought not to be antagonized by the thought of it.

Among the equipment which has in the past been a source of discomfiture is the grease gun. With the right kind of gloves this can be used without trouble, but the refilling is often messy. The ingenious canisters provided by some of the oil firms work when they are new, but not so well as the grease supply goes down. Many people who try to look after their own cars will welcome the grease gun which is refilled by a cartridge. A demonstration of this was arranged in London the other day, but I was unable to attend it.

I gather that the gun has been placed on the market by Neuman of Surrey, and that it is to be called the "Nubrex." When this gun is empty the refilling is done by dropping in a fresh cartridge and therefore there is no risk of the user getting covered with grease.

DISCUSSIONS are still going on about the B.R.M.'s position during this racing season. The Goodwood meeting was not sufficiently illuminating to enable the car's capabilities to be correctly estimated. General impressions were that the B.R.M. now has nearly enough power (perhaps a little more will yet be squeezed from the engine) and that its road holding has been vastly improved but is still not completely right. This may be an unjust assessment, but that is how it looked at Goodwood.





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## DINING OUT

## Judges' repast

I SEEM to be haunted by the ghost of Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis, who wrote a "Dining Out" column in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1898. A week or so ago I described a dinner he had given at the Trocadero to the son of an old friend on his way back to school at Harrow. I was then invited to a remarkable dinner at the Café Royal and once again the menu was based on a dinner (with slight variations) which the Colonel had ordered there many years ago, and which he had described in detail in his book, *The Gourmet's Guide to London*, which was published in 1901.

The occasion, apart from the wine and the food, was interesting enough. For nearly a century the Café Royal was the haunt of London's Bohemia. Here, night after night, gathered together an astonishing motley of wit, talent and genius, mingling with an equal mass of people who had little to recommend them. (They were recently the subject of an excellent book, *Café Royal: Ninety Years of Bohemia*, by Guy Deghy and Keith Waterhouse, published by Hutchinson at 21s.)

The Café Royal has now come under control of the company of which that gentleman of boundless energy and great initiative, Charles Forte, is chairman and managing director. He has decided among other things that the past tense shall no longer be applied to the Café Royal as the haunt of writers, artists, musicians, sculptors and poets, and has instituted a series of annual "Café Royal Prizes" for art, literature and music, each competition having prizes to the value of £500.

THE purpose of the dinner I had the good fortune to attend was to entertain the judges of the Book Competition, the guests present being E. Arnot-Robertson, Lionel Hale, Youngman Carter (Editor of The TATLER), J. E. Morpurgo (Director of the Book League), Kyrle Fletcher, an authority on antique books, and Stella Dunn. Charles Forte was our host, and the menu chosen was prepared with great skill and delicacy by *maitre chef* Jean Dupont.

*Gloire de Chablis, '49*  
*Hospices de Beaune, '43*  
*Château Mouton Rothschild 1934 (a fine,*  
*full wine in beautiful condition)*  
*Krug '47*

*Extra Fine Grande*  
*Champagne Café Royal*

*Huitres Perlees*  
*La Poule au Pot Henry IV*  
*Saumon d'Ecosse Champenoise*  
*Ris de Veau Périgourinde*  
*Terrine de Petits Pois*  
*Jambon d'York au Champagne*  
*Aiguillettes de Canelon Sevillane*  
*Salade Monselet*  
*Asperges de Lauris*  
*Beurre d'Isigny*  
*Cantaloupe en Surprise*  
*Delices des Dames*  
*Café*

I do not know how, in a short column, to do justice to the excellence of the food or to which course I should give pride of place; whether it was the Tay salmon in which two bottles of Chablis were used in the cooking and which arrived whole, beautifully garnished with thick cream and truffles, or the *Ris de Veau* which had strings of bacon fat pushed through them before being cooked on a bed of onion and carrots with butter, sherry and chopped truffles. Jean told me that the York ham which was served hot had first been boiled for three hours, two bottles of champagne being added to the water for the last half an hour. I sent a telegram next morning: "Reference Champagne Ham, can I have some cold for lunch?"

As M. Dupont explained, although these dishes and their method of preparation were served so many years ago, they are available today in exactly the same form because they are all in the classical French tradition.

—I. Bickerstaff



Ivon de Wynter

NIKI, of Chez Luba, who is Polish-born, came to England in 1946, after having experienced spells in various concentration camps. His experience includes working at the Savoy, Hungaria and Piccadilly. He went to Chez Luba in 1953 as chef and later became its proprietor

## DINING IN

## A basic sauce

HOW I wish that we could buy *real* mayonnaise easily! I know of only one place in London where it is sold, in cartons, from a bowl each day. There is only one method of making mayonnaise and I shall give it here. Do not be led into thinking that any other general method is correct. It is not—and only the *real* thing will be good enough for lobster or cold asparagus (if you want this kind of sauce with it) or as the basis of Sauce Tartare or Remoulade for grilled sole.

Mayonnaise is one of the easiest of all sauces to make—but the one on which many folk come a cropper at their second try! I do not use mustard in my mayonnaise, though certain French chefs do (but not Escoffier, thank goodness!). One thing is essential: Have all the ingredients at the same room temperature.

First, get a bottle which will hold  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint olive oil. Cut a channel lengthwise in the cork so that, when you upend the bottle, the oil will fall in drops or, if the cork is withdrawn a little, in a thin steady stream. Olive oil of the "first pressing" will give you the best-flavoured mayonnaise.

Place 2 egg yolks, minus their "cores," in a bowl with a pinch of salt. Using a whisk, beat rapidly into them the olive oil, drop by drop. Never stop whisking furiously. As the mixture thickens, add a few drops of wine vinegar or lemon juice, still whipping like mad. (I use tarragon vinegar, for preference.) The immediate effect is to thin down the mixture, but be careful not to add more than a few drops at a time. Go on whisking in the oil. Again it will thicken and, indeed, become quite stiff, so that it must be thinned down again.

When about half the oil has been incorporated, it is safe to add the remainder in a thin stream, always watching to see that it works into the sauce or if it is lying in a thin rim. Should this happen, desist from adding further oil for half a minute, while you continue beating very well. You may not use the full  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint oil or you may manage to use a little more. That is one of the things about mayonnaise—only approximate quantities can be given. If vinegar or lemon juice is regarded not so much for flavouring as for a means of reducing over-thick sauce to the degree for which it is required, very little can go wrong with it.

THERE is, however, an ever-present possibility that, in the initial addition of oil and beating, a little too much vinegar was used before the mixture began to thicken. The mayonnaise then remains a thin sauce and nothing you can do will help—nothing except this: Place another egg yolk in another basin and, using the "failure" as olive oil, add enough of it, drop by drop, until the mixture becomes so thick that it must be diluted with vinegar or lemon juice. More oil may be blended in to make up for the third yolk.

Mayonnaise is the foundation of quite a number of exciting dressings. For Sauce Remoulade, for instance, add to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint mayonnaise a good dessert-spoon of chopped pickles, gherkins and capers (moisture removed), a mixture of chopped parsley, tarragon and chervil and a drop of anchovy essence. Omit the anchovy essence, and you have Sauce Tartare.

For Green Sauce, blanch for 2 minutes in boiling water  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. each of parsley, chervil, tarragon and sorrel leaves and double the amount of watercress and spinach, each. Drain, plunge into cold water, drain again and press dry in a cloth. Rub through a sieve and add to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint mayonnaise.

To convert this last into Vincent Sauce, add the sieved yolks of three hard-boiled eggs and, at the last minute, a few drops of Worcestershire Sauce. This is grand with plain boiled Dublin Bay prawns.

—Helen Burke





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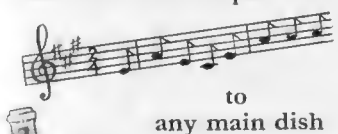
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## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# THE PRISONER OF CHILLEN

THE SUMMER-HOUSE, by Rosemary Harris (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.) makes a delightful addition to this spring. It is a first novel, but one would not think so. The charm and the comedy and the oddness are not easy to pin down in a review—sad it is that authors one most enjoys are sometimes inadequately rewarded. I think Miss Harris's secret may reside in the fact that, while apparently so erratic, she is adroit: she gives us a well-wrought plot, and characters who live from the first moment. Also, though her writing is lightly readable, we discover that sparkling waters can run deep.

The story begins in an English country house, moves to Paris, then trickles and darts its way through the Loire country and nearby regions of France. Laura, our heroine, when first met, dwells alone at Chillen with her father, Edward, whose principal economy she is—not a cent is disbursed on her education, not so much as half a cent on her social life. She acts as unpaid stable boy, reads, rides, glooms and mopes about in a duffel coat. Edward, an egotist so complete that one almost likes him, preoccupies himself with a Mrs. Meryndon; later, enter Aunt Bridget, a dear lady who looks like a Yorkshire terrier in a storm, and gives way to her little weakness each afternoon. Laura, too, has one disconcerting quality: she is beautiful—she reminds one of her lovers (though this comes later) of a vole drawn by Leonardo da Vinci.

SEBASTIAN, a cousin till now unknown, turns up and changes the face of things. By Chillen lake stands the cobwebbed Regency building which gives our novel its theme and name: this is the trysting place. Sebastian, quite as selfish as Edward, is also (I find) very engaging—writer by trade, he teaches Laura much that is not literary. The first phase ends when she sells her horse, writes off Sebastian and makes a bolt to Paris. There she encounters the

hardly more altruistic and even more subtle half-French Hilaire. The Paris part is still racier comedy than the Chillen opening. Gladly would I enumerate scenes and characters, but partly to do so would spoil things, partly I have not space. M. Camm, the infuriated editor of the highbrow monthly in whose offices Laura acts as dogsbody, over-sympathetic Eugénie, over-ripe Hélène (who is making after Sebastian) and André, the amorous Hilaire's embittered brother, are all to be recommended. The fulminous motor tour, also, should cheer you—if only reader, because you are not actually involved in it. . . . *The Summer-house* steers, by a miracle, clear of farce, just as it skates at times round the edge of heartbreak. Is it Laura's character, her fatalism and her inspired ineptitudes, which so much holds one? I should warn you that this story is quite amoral.

\* \* \*

THE BRIDGEBURN DAYS, by Lucy Sinclair (Gollancz, 16s.) is the story, told in the first person, of an "institution" child. Nominally a novel, it may I think fairly be counted autobiography—the youthful Kitty can be, surely, no other than Miss Sinclair herself? This is the kind of simple memory-writing which, by its spontaneity, makes literature.

Bridgeburn, as shown, is an orphanage organized on the cottage home system. The cottages cluster at the edge of a village in the North Country; the boys and girls from them go to the local school. Each is a separate unit, under a house mother who, in turn, defers to all-ruling Matron. "Our Ma," for years the controller of Kitty's destiny, is a character whose strange blend of tyranny and integrity, warmth and harshness, makes her stand out: one feels one has known her. The conflicts, from time to time, between "thrawn" Kitty and the great mother-figure are memorable.

So many are of the scenes—such as the grey



WALTER DE LA MARE, O.M., C.H., who is, at the age of eighty-three, our most revered lyric poet, published a book of stories as recently as last year. This drawing of him in contemplative mood is by H. Andrew Freeth

procession of workhouse parents, once a week, to visit their cut-off children. Yet also there is more than a streak of cosiness: "our Ma" baking and pudding-making, the solemn little ones grouped in their nightgowns by the parlour fire. I think the most touching thing about *The Bridgeburn Days* is the feeling that everybody concerned was doing the best they could under the circumstances. I was surprised, therefore, by the publisher's statement, on the book-jacket, that "this type of foster home is fortunately a thing of the past." Kitty's attachment to Bridgeburn, in after days, speaks surely for some sense of home to be found there?

\* \* \*

A CONTEST OF LADIES (Hogarth Press, 13s. 6d.) is William Sansom's latest book of short stories. This writer is, to me, a modern example of what sheer power to write can do. One or two of the pieces in this collection—particularly the title-story, an easy-going bachelor involved in the furious rivalries of a beauty contest, and with six fair fierce entrants under his very roof—would, it is true, be effective whoever wrote them. But the masterpieces (at least, to my mind) are those which rely on the curious magic of their telling. Mr. Sansom not only has the imaginative power to devise, he has the power to convince. Still more, he has the power to perceive strange dramas in what *could* be dull or ordinary.

AN ARTIST IN THE U.S.S.R. Last autumn Kenneth Green spent three weeks in Moscow, where he was the first Western artist for many years to be able to paint freely. The results are now on view at the Prospect Gallery, Duke Street, St. James's. Among the exhibits are the three pictures below, "Women In Church," "Ruined Church, Moscow," and "Assembling Sections of a Statue of Stalin"







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## ENGAGEMENTS



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**Miss Susan Catherine Baddeley**, elder daughter of Sir John Baddeley, Bt., and Lady Baddeley, of Quintins, Watersfield, Pulborough, Sussex, has announced her engagement to Mr. Anthony Philip Harris, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Harris, of Red Garth, Reigate, Surrey



*Armstrong Jones*  
**Miss D. H. Gordon**, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Gordon, of Queen Anne Street, London, W.1, is to marry Mr. A. E. B. Standish, only son of the late Mr. Edward Standish, of Maxwell Hall, Winchester, and of Mrs. Munroe Kerr, of Mount Street, London, W.1



*Vandyk*  
**Miss Geraldine Guinness**, daughter of the late Mr. Kenelm Lee Guinness, and of Mrs. Lee Guinness, of Eaton Place, S.W.1, is engaged to Mr. Mikael Essayan, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Essayan, of Avenue d'Iena, Paris, XVI



**Bennett—White.** Professor John Henry Bennett, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Bennett, of Melbourne, Australia, married Miss Lilian D. White, eldest daughter of the High Commissioner for Australia, and Lady White, of Hyde Park Gate, London, at the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey



**Larmor—Patton.** Mr. Peter Ward Larmor, elder son of Sir Graham and Lady Larmor, of Ardnabannon, Annsborough, Castletwellan, Co. Down, married Miss Brenda Elizabeth Patton, only daughter of Mr. W. F. Patton, Q.C., and Mrs. Patton, of Cadogan Park, Belfast, N. Ireland, at the Church of St. Nicholas, Belfast

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Clark—Atkinson.** The wedding took place of Mr. David Campbell Clark, son of Major and Mrs. T. J. Clark, of Upperlands, Co. Derry, Northern Ireland, and Miss Gillian Atkinson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Atkinson, of East Mount Road, York, at Holy Trinity Church, Micklegate, York



**Williams—Coxon.** Mr. David Lloyd Williams, son of the late Mr. Ben Williams, and of Mrs. Williams, of Stanmore, Middlesex, married Miss Pamela Marriott Coxon, daughter of Mrs. Eric Coxon and stepdaughter of Lt.-Col. Eric Coxon, of Stanhope Row, London, W.1, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Blaikie—Anderson.** At St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street, London, S.W.1, Mr. Douglas Davidson Blaikie, son of Mrs. D. Blaikie, of The Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex, married Miss Kirsten Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sven Anderson, of Rungsted, Denmark



*Clifford C. Turnbull*  
**Eden—Nairn.** Capt. Edward Eden, youngest son of the late Capt. C. B. Eden, and of Mrs. E. A. Eden, of Langley Crescent, St. Albans, Herts, married Miss Valerie Nairn, daughter of the late Cdr. W. M. Nairn, and of Mrs. A. S. Nairn, of St. Stephen's Close, St. Albans, at the Presbyterian Church of England, St. Albans

(Owing to a printing error these two pictures were transposed in our issue of April 11)





## sports motoring in luxury

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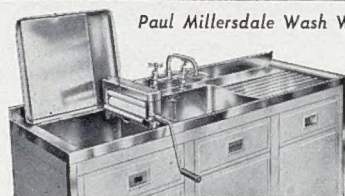
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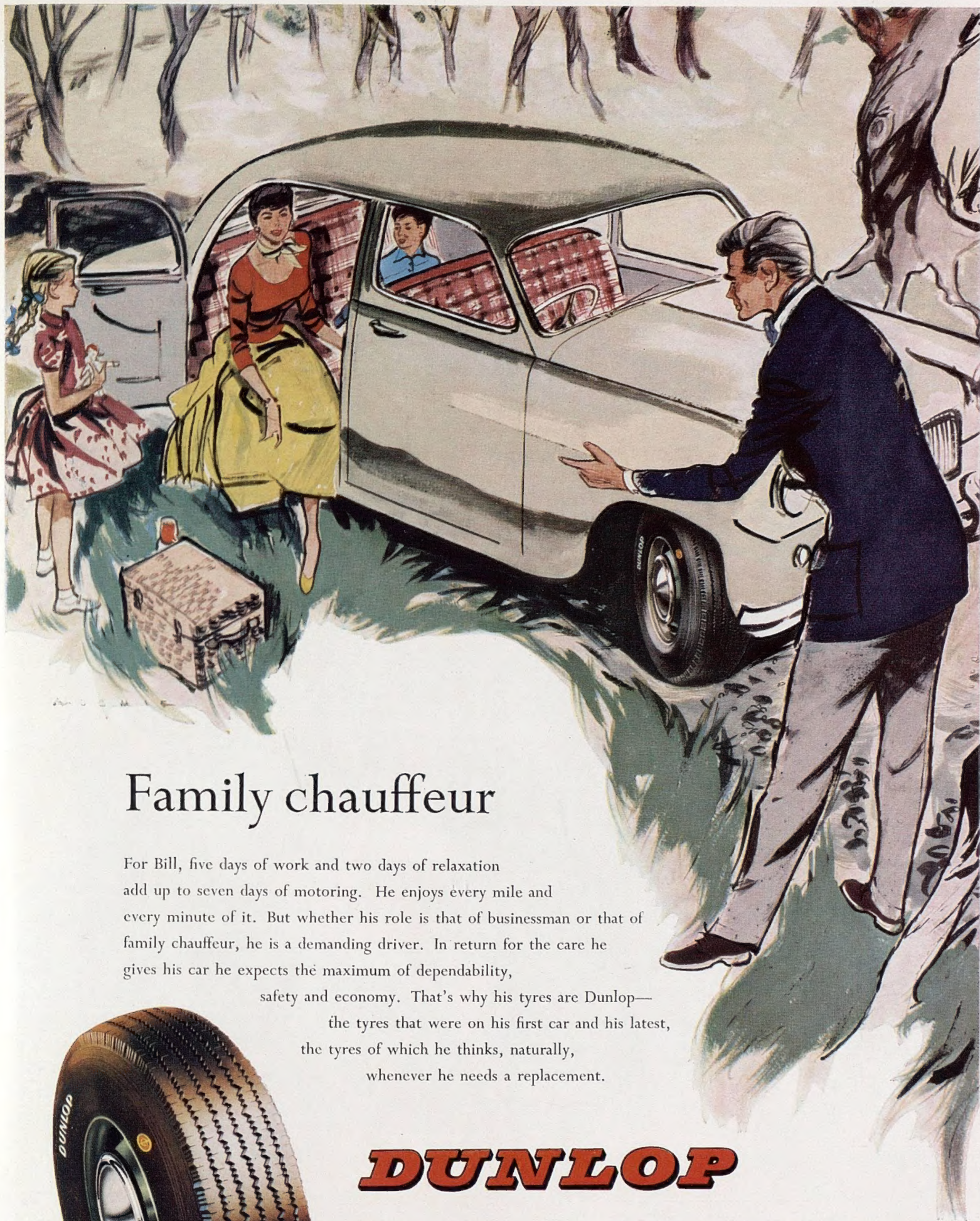
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